

## AMONG US MORTALS

Middle Age

By W. E. Hill

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Lastly, there is Mrs. Binns, who has frankly passed the dividing line between Indian summer and middle age. But Mrs. B. isn't worrying, and isn't working day and night to be youthful—which has the surprising result of keeping Mrs. B. permanently young. Figure it out for yourself. It might be added that Mrs. B. has a sense of humor.



The ageless type, who, except in a very unkind light, refuses to look more than twenty-eight. Her enemies say "Well, she'll never see forty-five again, my dear. She dyes hard!"



"Where does life get you anyway? It just takes you and tosses you underfoot!" When you come down to it the only really middle-aged people in the world are the twenty-year-olds. They are great on arguing about the failure of civilization, and what is there in life anyway. Then, too, they are always having to lower their voices when older people come round, because, you see, older people are so easily shocked nowadays. Sandra, the girl in the center, who has just offered her views on life to sympathetic ears, would probably tell you she is "centuries old!"



"Well, well, and how are you today? Pretty good, eh? Well, pretty maybe, but not so good—what? He-he-he!" It's awfully hard for a man who feels like a very young and very gay boy to realize he has arrived at the so-called years of discretion. Some of us die hard.



Miss Jennie has arrived at that indefinite age when she can't seem to remember anything in the way of statistics back of 1915. Of anything that happened around the year 1900 Miss Jennie will say, "Of course, I was just a little teeny, weeny girl, about so high, and I really can't remember about it!"



"I can't understand why they employ such very young girls and men in the stores nowadays! And the people in the office buildings—they seem so very young!" This is a sure sign of approaching middle age.



When a man begins to give ear to what the barber tells him about the bald spot, and begins to brush his hair, oh, so carefully of a morning, that's the real sign of approaching middle age. Loss of hair to a very vain man is about as terrible a state of things as it is for a professional beauty of the opposite sex to lose all her looks.



Something ought to be done about those badly brought up flappers who will get up in a crowded car and insist on giving up their seats to tottering old gentlemen, who no doubt pride themselves on looking not a day over forty-odd. A man is as old as he feels, and they feel pretty young sometimes.



The dangerous age, which comes along in middle life, when a woman begins to dabble in long-haired artists and musicians. She just has to have something around with a lot of hair for her to run her fingers through. Sometimes she studies voice culture and sings "Pale Hands I Loved," but mostly, any kind of a pale young man—"her protégé"—who can drop in on rainy afternoons, will be enough. Always on the watch for Romance with a great big "R."



After all, the average woman is as old as she looks—at a distance!

When an erstwhile proud father, who used to talk gloatingly about his "dear, dear little girls," begins to worry aloud to whomever will listen about "how hard it will be making both ends meet, what with Jane, the oldest girl, home after her divorce, etc."—then you may know that middle age has settled on him with a sickening thud.

